

Men's & Boy's Sport sweaters



Fine Wool V Neck Style with or without Sleeves in white, black or fawn
MEN'S from \$3.75 to \$6.75
BOYS' from \$1.75 to \$4.50

MEN'S GOLF BREECHES, HOSE, SHIRTS, BELTS, ETC.

Boys and Young Men's SPORT SHIRTS, 14 to 15½, at \$1.75

GREAT RANGE OF TROUSERS
 Latest in fine Worsteds, Colors in Grey, Fawn, Brown and Blue Stripe, \$5 and \$6.00
BOYS' FIRST LONGS \$2.95 to \$3.75

Thos. E. Wright
 Men's Better Wear

THE King Edward HOTEL

THE PLACE WHERE WE WANT YOU TO FEEL

AT HOME

We endeavour to please and aim to give Service

AND COURTESY THROUGHOUT

FRANK MILLER, Proprietor

YALE HOTEL

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONES RUNNING WATER IN EVERY ROOM PRIVATE BATHS

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OPPOSITE C. P. R. DEPOT

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The House of Comfort, Courtesy, Cleanliness.

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 or
 By the Case from
 our Warehouses

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HEARD ON THE STREET

Agent: "Don't you want your old furnishings insured against theft?"
 Manager: "Yes, all except the clock. Everybody watches that."

A colored woman consulted the village lawyer.
 "Ah, want to divorce me has you?" she said.
 "What's the trouble?" asked the lawyer.
 "That nigger's done gone and got religion, and we ain't seen a cent less of table fish two weeks."

Misses to Maid: "Haven't we always treated you like one of the family?"
 Maid: "Yes, and I'm not going to stand for it any more."

Agent: "To newly rich client, regarding talent for her 'A' Home."
 "What about Madame D'Argence?"
 Client: "Is she good?"
 Agent: "Good? Why, she's a great virtuoso."

Client: "Never mind about the morals. Can she sing?"
 Mrs. Smithers was explaining the routine to the new cook. "We lunch precisely at one on Wednesdays," she said "as on that day we always go for a spin in the car at five."

"Very good, mum," replied the cook, "but I shall have to leave the washing up until we get back home."

Frank Seales (shaving a customer): "Will you have anything on your face when I've finished Sir?"
 Ed Welling: "Well, it doesn't seem lively."

Sambo: "Look, 'nigger, woman you know you all done marry me just for mah good investment insurance."
 Lila: "Ah, know dat, honey, but any man 'bout to let you die natural death?"

Little Mary's family acquired a big St. Bernard dog, which to Mary's eyes, looked very much like a lion. In fact, to her vivid imagination, it was a lion, and she told her young friends that they had a lion at their house. One day her mother overheard her saying to a young friend: "We've got a great big lion living with us now."

"When?" asked the young friend.
 "Last night," said Mary.
 "What time?" asked the young friend.
 "When I got a puncture it'll be ready mended and all."

A Scotchman had become a widower. A neighbor called to express condolence. The old man, in grateful acceptance of the assurance, said that he would like to tell his visitor the circumstances of the loss he had sustained. "A while ago I was feeling 'verra weel, an' I sent word to the draught, telling him what like the trouble was, an' he said he wad see me some porether, but by the time the postmen came I wad feelin' a good piece better, so I just put them past, thinkin' they might be o' some o'er an' done; an' then, soon after, the wife took ill, so I thought she wad be better for the postmen, so I gied them her, but she didn't improve any; an' soon she alighted 'awa'."

"Thank me," said the visitor.
 "No," said the other, "it's terrible, but soon, less it's a matter I didn't tak' these postmen mase'."

After the final, or eighteenth hole, the golfer adds up his score and stops when he has reached 72. He then has a swim, a pint of gin and a "Sweet Adeline" with eight other liars and calls it the end of a perfect day.

After each hole has been completed the golfer counts his strokes then he subtracts six and says: "Made that in five. That's one above par. Shall we play for fifty cents on the next one, too Ed?"

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SPORT NOTES

WHAT IS THIS GOLF?

Golf is a form of work made expensive for a man to enjoy. It is physical and mental exertion made attractive by the fact that you have to dress for it in a suitable clubhouse.

Golf is what letter-carrying, ditch-digging and carpentering would be if those three tasks had to be performed on the same hot afternoon in short pants & colored socks by golf-looking gentlemen who required a different impetus for every mood.

Golf is the simplest looking game in the world when you decide to take it up, the toughest looking after you have been at it ten or twelve years.

It is probably the only known game a man can play as long as a quarter of a century and then discover that it was too deep for him in the first place.

The game is played on carefully selected grass with little white balls and as many clubs as the player can afford. These little balls cost from 75 cents to \$25.00 and it is possible to support a family of ten people (all adults) for five months on the money represented by the balls lost by some golfers in a single afternoon.

A golf course has eighteen holes, a mixture of which are uncess and put is to make the game harder. A hole is a tin cup in the centre of a "green." A "green" is a small patch of grass coated about \$19.9 a blade, and usually is a hole in a brook and a couple of apple trees, or a lot of "un finished excavation."

The idea is to get the golf ball from a given point into each of the eighteen cups in the fewest strokes, and the greatest number of words.

The ball must not be thrown, pushed or carried. It must be propelled by about \$200 worth of car-roul-looking implements, especially designed to provoke the owner.

Each implement has a specific purpose and ultimately some players get to know what that purpose is. They are the exceptions.

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THE FUTURE OF "SPORSHOES"

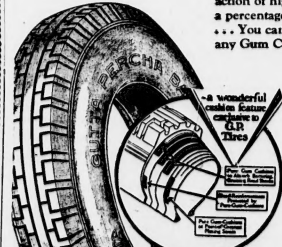
Now that the spring plowing is about finished, attention is being directed to that grand old sport the picture of horseshoes. He who would write the history of this game must start far back. Until quite recently it has been known about publicity; its devotees did not want their names in the paper; they were horseless piters for the fun there was in it. No elaborate equipment was required. A couple of pegs could be found anywhere; and the horses were at ways casting off old shoes. Nothing more was needed. In this respect it had more in common with the game of horseshoes than the game of baseball. And who ever heard of horseshoe pitchers wearing a uniform, such as we would be called for in the game? The only requirements are a good arm, a keen eye, and a few yards of space behind the barn. Then the evening's entertainment is arranged and assured.

Just now horseshoe pitching is in some peril; but it will survive. After flourishing from one generation to another without any official notice, the sport has come under the eye of the Ontario Athletic Commission, and a Dominion-wide horseshoe pitching championship is to be formed. There are to be many officers—Honorary Presidents, ordinary Presidents, three kinds of Vice-Presidents, and a Secretary-Treasurer. If the game be conducted in the good old-fashioned way the Treasurer's office should be a sinecure. Why should there be any officers at all? The game is simple and what will be done with it? Money smacks of professionalism, and the amateur spirit must be kept in the amateur class. The doubt with all this attention the players will be subject to the usual temptation, and even may play for cash prizes. This will mean that the ranks of the players will be divided, and the game will be divided, as it were. There will be the "pros" about the cities, and the "amateurs" in the country, rather playing the game for its own sake in the moon-hour or after the evening chores are done.

When the Ontario Athletic Association undertakes to place the horseshoe pitching under the same company of the hockey ball players and the lucky experts it is doing a serious thing, assuming a grave responsibility. The association will do so slowly, recognizing the rural side, where there may be at least there should be a good deal of hesitation about being enrolled in this distinguished company. Start with the 18-hole pitchers of the city clubs—the few organizations. And when they are thoroughly organized and have their own dedicated, the boys back on the farm, who have been practicing all this time will be ready to show the amateurs how "shoes" should be pitched—show them exactly what the peg is, and how to make a "ringer" when it is needed.

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